A FALLING STAR.

BY SALLIE M. BRYAN.

Just then, upon its wings of fire,
A star went flying by,
And vanished o'er the ways of cloud,
A sea-bird of the sky!

To-night there ring across my heart
Old half-forgotten chimes,
Whose mournful music memory caught
Among its nursery-rhymes.

In those sweet years I've heard them say
No wish could be denied,
If it were formed while flashed thro' Heaven
A fading meteor's pride.

Ah, then I only wished to catch
The blue-birds on the hill,
Or, with bare feet to wander down
Some shady wood-land rill.

For (oh, how long ago it seems)
I then was but a child,
Whose cheek was bright, whose golden hair
Upon the winds flew wild;

Whose tiny hand drove humming-birds
From every rose's breast,
Whose sunny brow and lisping lip
A mother's kisses pressed.

Yes, then I only wished to catch
The blue-birds on the hill,
Or, with bare feet, to wander down
Some shady woodland rill.

But since the years have passed and left
Their paleness on my brow,
Their twilight-shadows in my heart—
What are my wishes now?

When next a fire shall flash along
The night's eternal blue,
What can I ask ere it shall fade
Forever from my view?

Oh, it would be to look on thee
Once more—although in vain—
But mourning angels whisper low:
"Wake not that dream again."

And thou—the brightest and the last—
Oh, how this heart of mine
Forgot *the past* and pride before
Those dark-blue eyes of thine.

Yet shall I wish that in thy heart
A thought of me may dwell?
No—no—'twill be for power to say
Of thee—thee *too*—farewell.

NEW YEAR'S CALLS.

BY MRS. MARY C. VAUGHAN.

The day seemed to me interminable. I was dressed and seated in the drawing-room, ready to receive calls, at the fashionable hour. Since that hour there had been a constant succession of guests, such a succession, and of such a character as, I fancy, may be seen in most fashionable houses on the first day of the New Year.

I had listened, first amusedly, then wearily to the oft-repeated, stereotyped phrases of compliment, or remark that gentlemen seem to feel bound to utter on such occasions.

I had been told, about four-score times, that the weather was splendid—bright—and not too cool, that the streets were thronged with callers, that all the best houses were open.

I had been wished "happy returns" till I felt that, were one thousandth part of the wishes gratified, I should at least emulate Methusaleh ere I saw the last of my New Years.

Several gentlemen had informed me that "they had thought it the first of January, but the sight of the roses that bloomed around them, convinced them of their mistake." I blushed, still rosier than my wont, when I first heard this compliment, but after several repetitions I must have received it very composedly, for I was puzzling my brain to decide with whom a *jeu d'esprit* so brilliant could have originated, or whether they all learned it from some book, for the occasion.

I had laughed, slily, at my good aunt's discomfiture, when one gentleman, very bashful, and striving to cover his bashfulness by an appearance of perfect ease mingled with facetiousness, hoped she might "live a thousand years and her shadow never grow less." My aunt was a single woman, who owned to forty years, and had two pet sensitivenesses—her age, and her too stout proportions. Never did bashful man hit upon a more unlucky saying. The words were hardly uttered ere my aunt turned scornfully away, and he was left alone in his glory. The sight of him as he stood in the very center of the room, holding his hat awkwardly before him, the smile dying from his face while the vague consciousness of having said or done some wrong thing caused the blood to rise in crimson torrents to his very brow, made my inclination to laugh almost irrepressible.

I restrained myself, however, though the feeling was almost a hysterical one. For I was, in fact, more sad than mirthful. The inclination to weep was almost stronger than the impulse to laugh. Only the necessity of listening and replying to the complimentary speeches of a group of friends, who entered opportunely at that moment, prevented some outbreak of emotion.

The day was waning. The cheerful brightness of the morning had been lost in clouds. Already through the gray atmosphere the lamps were shining along the streets, and Arthur, who I made sure would have called among our earliest guests, had not, during the whole day, made his appearance.

He, too, for whom I cared only. What were all the compliments to which I had that day listened, to me, when compared with one approving glance from his eyes? What the elegant rooms, the pictures that flashed from the walls, the soft fragrance of flowers from the conservatory that lay beyond the suite of drawing-rooms? What wealth, luxury, friends, life itself, without him? The absence of a day seemed more than I could endure, and till now, from the hour of our betrothal, he had never before been absent so long.

Was he ill, had he left the city, or did other friends claim his attention? Standing beside the window, concealed by the heavy curtains from the gaze of those within the room, I looked out into the gathering twilight, and repeated to my own heart, again and again, these questions, which still remained unanswered.

Only those who have never loved, or have forgotten all the fears, and joys, and intense though vague anxieties of that season, when the first, fresh gift of the affections makes us the sport of the loved one's lightest word or action, will laugh at what I record here of my secret trouble. I remained on my watch while the streets grew darker. I strove to distinguish, among the hurrying groups that passed, his lofty figure. Every roll of wheels brought the blood tumultuously to my cheek, and made the beating of my heart almost audible. But still he came not, and, unable to resist the impulse longer, I leaned against the window pane and hot tears fell down over my cheek and flashed upon the folds of my pretty dress.

Through the medium of these tears, however, I still gazed, and at length, with a start, saw one figure disengage itself from the passing throng, and ascend the steps that led to our door.

A small, slight figure—a woman's figure, the only one in that crowd of masculine humanity. It was not Arthur who came, and with the feeling that it was no concern of mine who should come, if he were absent, I closed my eyes, and, with a gesture of impatience, brushed away the tears that lingered on my eyelids.

The grief-storm was passing away. Pride came to my aid, and I grew angry. I turned from the window, and moved toward a group of guests who were conversing with my aunt, resolving that if Arthur came now, he should not find me sorrowful, but that the coolness of my reception should convince him how indifferent I was to his neglect.

As I resolved these thoughts in my mind, I moved down the long apartment. I reached the door, and saw a servant standing there, in a respectful attitude, evidently waiting to speak to me. I went up to him, and in a low tone asked his errand.

"If you please, Miss," the man said, "there's a young woman in the hall, who says she *must* speak to you."

"Not to-night, Jackson, not to-night. Tell her to come to-morrow and I will see her then. Do you not see that I am engaged with company?"

"I told her so, Miss," Jackson replied, "but she begged me so pitifully to bring her message, that I could not refuse."

"Who is she, Jackson? Do you know her?" I asked, angrily, for I was in the mood to resent impertinence and importunity beyond my wont even.

"I think, Miss, she is the seamstress that came here last year. But she kept the vail over her face, and her voice trembled so when she said that it was a matter of life and death, that I hadn't the heart to ask any questions."

"She is impertinent, but I will come," I answered, and haughtily sweeping past the man, I descended to the hall, where, leaning against the heavy porter's chair, and almost cowering in its shadow, stood the slight figure that I had seen ascending the steps.

"What do you want?" I asked, coldly, as I reached the foot of the stairs. "I am engaged with guests, and your visit is ill-timed. So tell me quickly, that I may return."

The figure stirred. The thick vail was thrown back, and a poor, pale face, with eyes that gleamed as if with some strange light burning in their depths, flashed before me. A pair of small hands, frail and thin like the talons of a bird, were suddenly thrust toward me. The pale lips moved.

"Don't you know me, Miss Grace? Sure, I'm Kate, that sewed for you."

The pale face and the appealing glance failed to touch me. I was angry and impatient. I cared nothing for the people I had left, but I chose to feel that the girl was intrusive, that her importunity had drawn me from my guests. All at once my heart froze with cruelty. I answered coldly.

"Kate was a fresh, rosy girl, but I suppose you are she, since you tell me so. But I cannot talk with you to-night. You were paid, I believe, and if you want more work, come to-morrow and I will speak to you. At present, I am engaged."

So saying, I turned haughtily away, and was about to ascend the stairs.

The girl sprang forward. The white face gleamed close to mine, as, with the energy of despair, she grasped my dress.

"I didn't come for the sewing, Miss," she said, plaintively. "I shall never go into the grand houses more, and sit in the pleasant chambers, at my task that I thought so wearisome. If you knew all, Miss Grace, it's not even speaking to me ye'd be, perhaps. But, for the sake of them at home, that I've murdered, give me something to save their dying heads the shelter. For the sake of your own mother, Miss, darling, whose purty picture hangs at your bed's post, don't let *my* mother die in the street."

I shrunk away from the girl. By her own confession she was vile—an outcast, and the contact of her hands shamed me in the presence of my servants. Almost rudely I snatched my dress from her clinging fingers.

My anger burst all bounds, as she resisted.

"Go away, girl, creature!" I almost shouted. "How dare you come hither? You tell me you are vile. How can I know that you are in want?" The pale face mutely gazing upon my pitiless features answered my question, but I heeded it not.

"Unloose me at once," I said, vehemently, "or the servants shall thrust you from the door. I have nothing for such as you."

I turned away. But never, until my dying day, shall I forget the mute agony, the ineffable, meek despair that rested on that wan face, and looked out from those deep, dark eyes. The grasp of her hands upon the shining silk was relaxed, and she turned away.

"They must die, then," she murmured, "for who will listen to such as me. May be its best so."

Half-way up the stairs the sound of a heavy fall arrested my steps. The girl lay prone upon the tessolated floor, just where the light from the chandelier gleamed on the attenuated hand, and the wan cheek that glistened whitely through the tresses of her disheveled hair.

Jackson and the porter bent over her; there was another, too, a taller figure, that of a gentleman. The throbbing of my heart told me who it was.

As I looked Arthur's face was raised to mine. There was sadness and rebuke in the glance.

"Grace, this is a woman, a young girl, your sister, though fallen. Have you no compassion upon her?"

All pride and hardness were gone from me at those words, those tones, grave and severe, of that beloved voice. I did not answer, but ran swiftly to my room. When I returned it was with salts and an invigorating cordial, while my maid followed, her hands full of restoratives. I knelt there beside that inanimate figure, and, while with trembling hands I clasped her cold ones, tears, the baptism of my penitent heart, laved the white brow of this child of wrong and sin.

All my pride and scorn were gone. Even the poor outcast was truer to her womanly sympathies than I had been. I would have turned her starving from my door, and sent her, hopeless, to her dying parents, for whom she had dared my scorn, shrinking from nothing so that she might save them.

I looked upon her wan face, and read there the ravages not so much of sin, as of grief. A great flood of compassion filled my soul. She was beautiful—more beautiful than I. She was poor and a victim. Should I, in my untempted virtue, stand afar off, and point her to the onward path that led to sure destruction, while my hand, the hand of a woman and sister, could save her?

As I knelt there, life was opened to me with purposes and duties that I had never realized. Before the carriage, that Arthur had sent for to convey the poor girl to her home, arrived, I had found time to make resolutions that since have guided my life.

Arthur was a man of penetration, and he fathomed my motives and thoroughly believed the confession that, with many tears, I that night poured into his willing ear. He was a lover, and he forgave me. He was a friend, and he counseled and assisted me.

Years have passed since that night. In an upper chamber of our home—mine and Arthur's—sits a pale woman, with traces of great beauty lingering on her faded features. She is our children's nurse, our most trusted servant, and our humble friend.

Our household would be incomplete without her. My husband and I value her almost priceless, and our children love her next to ourselves. She is Kate the sewing girl, Kate the outcast, Kate the reclaimed, Kate the good, noble woman, from whom the stain of sin has been washed in tears and deep penitence.

He has forgiven her who forgave the Magdalen of old. Shall we, so weak and sinful, dare to arrogate the prerogative of condemnation?

She came to me from the funeral of her parents, whose dying hours had been soothed by Arthur's bounty and mine. She has never left me since, and only death can part us. I remember, with unceasing gratitude, that unexpected, unwelcome New Year's call. Its results upon my character and my happiness, on that of my husband and my children, only He who seeth all can rightly estimate.

CLEAN ALBERT.

A STORY FOR THE LEDGER CHILDREN.

BY AUGUSTA MOORE.

Some little boys (and *girls, too*, alas!) have a very great dislike to being clean. You would hardly believe it, children, but yet it is true that one young Miss who often reads the LEDGER will never wash herself until her mother threatens to *whip* her if she does not do it. And then the strange girl goes away and *cries* about it.

Then there is a little boy who does not read the LEDGER, because he is yet too small to read anything, that always screams with all his strength, and fights his mother, or his nurse, or anybody who tries to wash him. He hates water quite as bad, I think, as a mad dog does. You needn't think this is a bad little boy; he isn't naughty about other things; but he *does* consider water his enemy.

But I was going to tell you a story, and here it is.

Albert Hall's mother was very poor. She lived in a cellar kitchen, and had to work hard all the time, in order to earn food and clothing for her family. She wanted to keep her boy in school as long as she possibly could, so she pinched herself in every way she could think of that she might not have to put him "out to a place."

You ought to have seen Albert when he was dressed for school. I'm sure very few of you boys would have put your foot out of doors in such clothes as Albert wore. You would have been too proud. Pride is wicked, and you would have got your punishment; humility is good, and Albert got his reward. His clothes looked like patchwork, and that was just what they were; but they were so clean that it was enough to do one good to see them. Albert's skin also was always clean and ruddy, and his soft brown hair was always nicely combed. He wasn't afraid of water. There was once a man who, somehow or another, had become very dirty. He did not like it, and when some one spoke to him, he answered crossly—

"Don't try to talk to me till I've had a bath, and changed my clothes, for I feel *dirty enough to be a thief*." You will find that filth and dishonesty are apt to go together. One day little Albert came home in great trouble. He could not get the books he needed. The teacher had promised them, but as Albert was only a poor, fatherless boy, he was put off, and put off, until he began to fear he might not get the books at all. His mother comforted him as well as she could, though *she* felt her little boy's trouble; and pretty soon Albert started off again for school.

As he trotted steadily along, a lady who walked behind him observed how very poor and very neat his clothes all looked. "Certainly," she said, "that little fellow must have a remarkable mother. I never saw a neater boy. I'm sure *mine* never looked so tidy."

"Little boy," she said, "what is your name?"

"Albert Hall, ma'am," replied our hero politely taking off his mite of an old fashioned cap.

"Where do you go to school?" she said, seeing that he carried a satchel.

"Just here ma'am," and he pointed to the place.

"Well, you are a nice looking child, and if you will come to my house—here is a card with the directions—after school, I will give you some better clothes than those you wear."

"Oh! thank you, lady. I will come," cried the boy. Then he bade the lady good bye, and went into school.

At four o'clock Albert was at the door of his new-found friend. She had a large bundle ready for him. The joy of the little fellow's mother may be imagined when on opening the bundle she found shirts, and drawers, and hose, and a whole outside suit of clothes, but little worn, all of which fitted her dear boy "like a glove."

Full of gratitude the good woman hastened to find the generous lady who had been so kind to her dear son. Mrs. G. was pleased with the appearance and manner of the poor but affectionate mother, and at once resolved to do all that she could for her and her family. Discovering Albert's need of new books she went herself to the teacher and requested that the lad might be immediately supplied. It was at once done, and little Albert was made happy. Mrs. G. was one of those rare persons who have a heart large enough for all the little children in the world. She continued to be a good friend to Albert and to his mother. Many a "lift," as Mrs. Hall called it, did the poor woman receive from the kind lady, under whose friendly influence Albert grew up to be a good scholar and a distinguished man.

And my dear children, it was all through the neat appearance of her little boy. Had it not been for that, Mrs. G. would never have noticed him, and never have become his friend and the friend of his mother.

THE ONLY CHILD.

From the bottom of our heart do we pity the *only child*. We care not how large the fortune that awaits that only son or daughter, we do not envy their position. When we behold one, who will soon be the sole heir to all a parent's wealth, we do not have any envious feelings arise within our bosom toward that favored one; but we pity, that they have no kind brother or sister, to share alike their wealth and affections. They may be the idol of doating parents, but they know not the value of a brother's love, or the priceless wealth of a fond sister's affection.

BE YOURSELF.

Insist on yourself; never imitate. Your own gift you can present every moment with the cumulative force of a whole life's cultivation; but of the adopted talent of another, you have only an extemporaneous, half possession. That which each can do best, none but his Maker can teach him. No man yet knows what it is, nor can, till that person has exhibited it. Where is the master who could have taught Shakspeare? Where is the master who could have instructed Franklin, or Washington, or Bacon, or Newton?

HOW TO BE CHEERFUL.—A cheerful life must be a busy one. And a busy life cannot well be otherwise than cheerful. Frogs do not croak in running water. And active minds are seldom troubled with gloomy forebodings. They come up only from the stagnant depths of a spirit unstirred by generous impulses or the blessed necessities of honest toil.

PORTRAIT NUMBER TWO FROM MY GALLERY.

BY MARY FORREST.

Proserpine is a poet and a dreamer. When you meet her on the highways, in the byways, with her half-assured, uncertain step, peering innocently into faces;—holding fast to some strong hand, yet wandering in spirit at her own sweet will; chanting songs as she weaves them;—you think of a lost child looking for its home,—but she is like nothing you have seen before. Her face is serene and unearthly. Her eyes have a vailed look, as if they had seen mysteries that may not be revealed. She inclines her head, as if she listened, and her lips move in response to something you do not hear. If you address her, she does not raise her eyes to yours, but nods with a weird grace to your words, while, right through your white waist-coat and silken bodice, she is reading your soul.

Proserpine does not often go out by herself. If she does, she loses her way, and makes matters worse by getting into the wrong stage to look for it. She does not remember the time when she was not subject to physical *surveillance*, but says she atones for it by keeping up a most independent course of thinking. She has no eye for the small details of life, and forgets, especially, to notice the *modus operandi* in cars and stages. Dreamily unaware of the pigeon hole in the roof, and the pantomime process by which the other passengers had disposed of their sixpences, she alighted, one day, from an Eighth Avenue stage—she had intended to take a Fourth Avenue—and picking her way over the wet cobble-stones to a favorable stand, close by the heels of the off horse, lifted herself upon her dainty tip-toes, and solemnly handed up a quarter to the astonished driver. In returning the change there was an unfortunate break in the communication, and the tiny pieces showered hopelessly into the mud. It was too much for even Proserpine's philosophy. She could tolerate such an arrangement for herself, but it must be very awkward for lone women with children and bundles; so she said, softly, "Indeed, driver, this is very inconvenient; you ought to keep a small boy."

Proserpine has not a grain of pretensiousness. She is a poet, and, in some sort, a seer. Her rhythm is as silvery as her voices; she abounds in quaint, apposite imagery, and her thoughts are strong thoughts; but she does not write upon her forehead—"I AM A POET," and weary you with exactions of homage. The "shadows of coming events" sometimes fall upon her, and she talks in a low, impressive, artless way about them, as a child relates its dream. She is the honored companion of sages and philosophers, but she likes to sit at your feet, and hear "your talk come down" to her. Though your wisdom is not her wisdom, she respects and dignifies it. This is the spirit of true greatness.

Yet Proserpine has her weakness and her weapon. She would not that any should look into her beautiful eyes,—indeed it does seem almost an impertinence to do so. It is not enough that the sweet angels have partially vailed them; they love a deeper shadow, and Proserpine's toilet is not complete without a *fan*, behind which she retires, as soon as she feels your gaze upon her. You hear her voice, like vesper-bells chiming;—maybe her hand is nestling confidingly in yours, but you cannot see the windows of her soul; she seems to be afar off, like a star; you feel half defrauded.

Proserpine does not live over the way. There are miles of land and sea between us. I seldom see her with my mortal eyes, but the eyes of the spirit have taken her in forever.

HIS OWN PLACE.

We often, in the common mode of expression, speak of the transferring of affections, but is this strictly correct?

Is *the* love that we give to any one person ever really bestowed upon another? Is it not rather true that in the heart *each friend has his own peculiar place*, which is not trespassed upon, nor touched, by any other?

Begin at home—in your own family. Is not your father's place in your love his own, and does any being but herself come nigh unto the holy place which is your mother's? Have not your brothers and your sisters, however great their number, each a particular spot in your affection, which is in no wise affected by the place of any other? Examine your heart, and see if this be not so.

Then, think of your most remote relatives—because you love some of them dearly do you love your brothers any the less? No, you do not;—and when from out of the circle of your household, or your friendship, one departs, not all that are left to you can ever make good *that* loss. There will be a void within your spirit which cannot be filled. It may cease to give you pain, but it will be *there* just as long as your life lasts.

New friends never crowd old ones out of *any true heart*. People of shallow feelings and weak brains may *forget* old friends when they make newer and more showy acquaintances, but we are not talking of any such people. With the deep and faithful heart there is no such thing as forgetfulness of this kind. New friends may indeed be made—many of them, and they may be loved with a fervor that was never before felt; the places which at their coming were unsealed may be more warm and sacred than any ever yet opened in the heart; but they will all be *new* places—no ancient home will be invaded.

The human heart hath many mansions; it is large enough for *all* its own. G. H.

LOOK UP.

Without doing this, one can hardly rise in the world. At our feet is, indeed, the earth, with its many landmarks of fortune and paths of toil; but above are the stars—the eternal stars—shining down upon the proudest monuments of earth, and calling the soul upward with its aspiration and its thought. For the source of light in the natural world—to catch the beams of the sun as they gild the mountains, we must look up; and farther, higher, must we look for that light of life which transcends the glory of the sun. Upward the eagle wings his flight, kingliest of birds; and upward soars the lark, "singing at heaven's gate." Upward shoots spire, and column, and mast, and banner-staff, and upward flashes the philosopher's vision and the hero's sword. Look up, or there shall be no "Jacob's ladder," no "fame's proud temple," no Olympian heights. Thou may'st have to do with earth, but master it. Humble work may claim thy hand, but look up the while and strive for higher. Be not content with a level life—the true plain is not only forward, but up. Loyalty, royalty, hope and triumph, are not down in the dust, groveling, but up, buoyant and skyward. Look up for mark and goal—look up for guidance and witness. "Father," said a thoughtful boy, whose parent intent on a safe theft, was peering on every side to see that there were no witnesses—"Father, you have not looked up!" Forever God sees and calls, and watches and makes record, and God is up, high up in the heavens. Look up, then, O earth delver, and while heeding that which concerns thee beneath, heed more that which most concerns thee above. Keep the compass to the stars, and all will be well.

SPARE THE WOODS.

God's providence is marvelous, if we will but observe how it pervades all things in nature that concern our lives. Not least is it visible in the uses of the woods, which, were they truly understood, would make us lovingly careful of the trees. When the farmer denudes an otherwise sterile hill or plain of its forest crown, he little considers that he may be destroying a value for all his lands, far greater than the money he gets for his cord-wood, timber and rails. If he has not studied the relations of nature's forces, he has not learned that the earth receives more of its renewing through the agency of trees, than from the hand of man. Of electricity, which is one of the most vital needs of the earth, trees are the natural conductors; and any one who observes, may see the wooden country drawing the electric and rain-freighted clouds, while the surrounding woodless spaces are parched and blistered with drouth.

No country is arid and desert where trees abound, but many lands have been shorn of spontaneous verdure and of noble navigable streams, by being for ages stripped of woods. In parts of Spain, there are dry beds of old rivers up which the Roman galleys were wont to sail, in the days of the Cæsars, but where now there are scarcely dribbling brooklets. High up in the sides of rocks, above which the stunted olive lives a feeble, thirsty life, remain the iron bolts driven by the olden navigators, ere the forests that fed and made rivers were destroyed. Still, from lessons such as these, written abundantly in every cultivated quarter of the globe, man does not get wisdom to spare trees, where God evidently intended they should grow as long as the earth lasts; or to plant them, on spaces where trees only would grow. The trees are not only conductors of electricity, but they attract and hold excesses of moisture—of night dews, and Summer rains and Winter snows—which they distribute by gradual processes for the benefit of the open fields.

If not for their beauty, as the "verdurous crown of the landscape," the owner of land should preserve some portions of woods—if woods he has—for his fields, and for the earth's sake. If he does not, his glebe will be sultry, and he will have dearth in a four-fold sense; dearth of the fairest of nature's beauties—dearth of shade, so refreshing to man and beast—dearth of music of birds, for the birds flee the barren, treeless spaces—and dearth of electricity and moisture, upon which all that he cultivates from the bosom of the earth most depends. How many a rocky hill is shorn of that which gave it pomp and fed the valley with sparkling rills, and left forever after an ugly and accusing monument. Let man be driven for a period to some shadeless, springless desert—over which even the clouds and lightnings hurry with unwonted speed, as if to shun the place—and he would return to woodland with a reverence for trees, as one of God's greatest bounties.

EFFECT OF ONE'S OCCUPATION.

Down to the minutest divisions of human occupation it will be found that the men whose pursuits bring them in contact with inanimate nature, enjoy their avocations much more than those who are conversant with humanity, and all the modifications of the social and moral system. *Champori* observes, that the writers on physics, natural history, physiology, chemistry, have been generally men of a mild, even, and happy temperament; while, on the contrary, the writers on politics, legislation, and even morals, commonly exhibited a melancholy and fretful spirit. Nothing more simple: the former studied nature, the others society. One class contemplates the work of the great Being, the other fixes its observation upon the work of man: the results must be different. The nymphs of Calypso, as they caressed and fondled the infant Cupid, became unconsciously penetrated with his flame, and if the power of love be thus subtile, that of hatred is, unfortunately, not less pervading. We cannot handle human passions, even to play with them, without imbibing some portion of their acrimony, any more than we can gather flowers amid the nettles without being stung. Into everything human a spirit of party becomes insinuated, and self-love is perpetually forcing us to taste of its bitterness; but there is no rivalry with nature; our pride does not revolt at her superiority, nay, we find a pure and holy calm in contemplating her majesty, before which we bow down with mingled feelings of delight and reverence. Contrast this with the effects produced upon us by human grandeur and elevation. Hence the charm of solitude; it places us in communion with things, whereas society fixes our regards upon man.

BE KIND.

What a mighty power there is in kindness. It may be a feminine, but it is one of the regalest qualities of our nature. Woman possesses it in pre-eminence—the African traveler, Park, was wont to say that among the most savage tribes, women had never failed to treat him kindly. Her's are the soft and tender sympathies, that ever nobly and blessedly illustrate brotherhood for the race—redeeming the ugliness of man by her own beautiful love. The law of kindness is greater and stronger than chains and gyves. Moved by it, a Pocahontas could disarm a Powhattan. Kindness is the chiefest of friendly graces—the keenest revenge. Kindness to one's enemy, is the heaping of fire on his head—none are so stubborn or stout as to withstand it. And how easy to be kind:—

"The weakest and the poorest, may
This simple pittance give,
And bid delight to wither'd hearts
Return again and live;
O what is life if love be lost,
If man's unkind to man,
And what the heaven that waits beyond
This brief and mortal span?"

Parents be kind to your children, and children be kind to your parents and to one another. Be kind voyagers of life, though multitudinous and jostling, for though your barques may seem to sail diversely, they are bound to a common haven—even as they are impelled by a common wind.

A WORD TO BOYS.

We find the following "word to boys" in one of our exchanges, and particularly recommend its perusal to our young readers. Get it by heart, lads: Who is respected? It is the boy, who conducts himself well, who is honest, diligent, and obedient in all things. It is the boy who is making an effort continually to respect his father, and obey him in whatever he may direct to be done. It is the boy who is kind to other little boys, who respects age, and who never gets into difficulties and quarrels with his companions. It is the boy who leaves no effort untried to improve himself in knowledge and wisdom every day—who is busy and attentive in endeavoring to do good acts towards others. Show me a boy who obeys his parents, who is diligent, who has respect for age, who always has a friendly disposition, and who applies himself diligently to get wisdom, and to do good towards others, and if he is not respected and beloved by everybody, then there is no such thing as truth in this world. Remember this, little boys, and you will be respected by others, and will grow up and become useful men."

NEVER violate a promise—always speak the truth—be industrious, be honest, and you'll do well.